

Dead Grunts

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Summary: This poem is about dead grunts.

Dead Grunts

Note: I like grunts. I'm very fond of them. I usually spare their lives at the game. Please review.

Dead grunts are strewn in the ground,

blue blood everywhere,

killed by marines without a sound.

A sad sight that is,

their skin torn,

killed easily even though you miss.

Groups knocked down like bowling pins,

by SMG's and assault rifle's,

there's blood marking where they have been.

The methane rolling and hissing at the lifeless face,

the grunt's eyes are open,

they are used as tools, like a mace.

There is no resting place,

lying in the ground,

they run, and get killed in a chase.

Their orange uniforms ripped and tattered,
the people who kill them,
seems like they don't matter.

They are weak and small, dying like germs swiped with soap,
they know they will die,
but they all hope.

That one day they will be treated as equals,
we don't know which day that is,
Bungie didn't make a Halo 2 sequel.

So gamers, please take care,
please do not kill grunts,
do not dare.

They are almost harmless,
they are no threat,
it's like they're armless,
please don't fret.

End
file.